Number 80, Commencement of our FOURTH Volume

Will contain an original Letter from **ARTEMUS WARD,** written expressly for VANITY FAIR, relating to

The War Fever in Baldinsville.

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THE WAY IT WILL BE DONE.

"I HAVE THIRTY BOYS ON MY PLANTATION WHO WILL STAND UP ANY DAY FOR SOUTHERN RITES."—(*Sic. Rites*)

Extract from a South Carolinian's letter, April 15, 1861.

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PUBLISHER FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

ARTEMUS WARD
IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

—o—

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered wharebouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Toomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitmit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll alow me to kote from your troothful advertisment.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went amung the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Boozum, viz. :—to giv the people their moneys worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a liar and a hoss thief, but bring him be 4 me and I'll wither him with one of my skornful frowns

But to proseed with my tail. In my travils threw the Sonny South I heared a heap of talk about Seceshin and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swarin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) should'nt never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Strips continnerd for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temprance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the influonz and pertection of all the fust famerlies. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things come to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars and Strips. A deppytashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a milingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holey mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threwout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him," sez I, "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him *scream*. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men anoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty——"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum——"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beasts is then confisticated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whiskey in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flooid can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomry in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amoosement bad been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confisticated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confisticated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animiles loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his gineral conduck that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I saw that tiger spring in among the peple. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed, "I forgiv you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin inwaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after sum miles distant, with a large and well-selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I raythe guess he did. You will therefore perceive that thay didn't confisticate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomry in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was librally surplied with Bakin an Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbige.

I had nobody to talk to nor notbin to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely specially on the first day; so when the jaler parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with JEFFERSON DAVIS, the President of the Southern Confhieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and sed his gallunt men had bin a little 2 enthoosiastic in confisticatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison at Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall, Mister WARD, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. DAVIS, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much.

But J. DAVIS, the minit you fire a gun at the pi[illegible]e of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin yo[illegible]as individooals —not agin the South, even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the hea[illegible] milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly [illegible]y and saw this glorus Govyment smashed to pieces, either by a [illegible]rin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates 4 to t[illegible]e her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her du[illegible]y to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we [illegible]st do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wo[illegible]up you out of your boots! J. DAVIS, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egregius mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too s[illegible]all powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthievracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill[illegible] Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Capting of that Corpse, I am, and J. DAVIS, beware! JEFFERSON D., I now leave you! Farewell my [illegible]ay Saler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy o[illegible] my way home was thrillin enuff for yaller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. BETSY JANE and the progeny air well.

Yours respectively,

A. WARD.

READ! READ!! INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM JEFF D. TO GENERAL B.

"HIGHLY MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE."

The following extraordinary and characteristic epistle was intercepted by our quondam "devil"—now a high privat[illegible]in the federal service, while on a secret foraging expedition (for himself) somewhere in the vicinity of Alexandria.

Comment is unnecessary. We simply present the letter; *videlicet*.

TEMPORARY CAPITAL, S. C., May 6th, 1861.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—This will reach you accordi[illegible]g to my calcu[illegible]ations, at the moment of your glorious achievement of the capture of the Northern Capitol of Washington. [A not sooner! Ed. V. F.] I need not say how sincerely I congratul[illegible]e you on this brilliant *coup-de-main*, nor how poignantly I regre[illegible]the necessity that forbade my sharing in the glory of the enterpri[illegible] This same stern necessity will force me to remain here for p[illegible]obably some weeks, (perhaps longer, since Mrs. D. says she [illegible]as not half packed-up for moving yet,) and I therefore write [illegible]ou, partly at her request, to give you a few directions with [illegible]gard to the arrangements for our reception and accommodation a[illegible] the "White House." (N. B.—Mrs. D. bids me say this mom[illegible]nt, she can promise to start this day two weeks.) We desire n[illegible]unnecessary display on the occasion of our arrival. Let the con[illegible]derate army of occupation simply turn out in full uniform and [illegible]ne the route from the landing to the Capitol; while the cannon a[illegible] the various forts and batteries fire, each not more than a hundred salutes, and every citizen be politely requested to wear a Confederate badge, and keep open house for the gallant soldiers of the victorious South. Mem:—Eight barouches with six horses each will be sufficient for ourselves and snite. Mrs. D. and the girls request that all the military bands play Confederate airs at variou[illegible]tatione on the route, and the girls also think it would be an impressive thing to have bands of maidens fling flowers before me, as was done in the case of my prototype, General WASHINGTON. You will have a plain but sumptuous repast provided at the "White House" for ourselves and suite, only thirty-two, as I wish to be simple and *en famille* in this, as in all other particulars of taking possession.

Mrs. D. begs that you will have the Executive Mansion thoroughly cleaned, painted, and generally renovated. Carpets mattings, draperies, and all furniture, utensils, &c., changed. In short, the memory even of the "*status in quo erat ante bellum*" to be obliterated. If there are no competent mechanics among our troops, Impress those of Washington Favorably with the operation. Mrs. D. reminds me that Aunt BECKY the cook, declares "the kitchen muss' be whitewashed fust, ef she's a gwine to cook in dar." I think on reflection that it would also be well to change the external color of the Mansion. A new era begins with our reign, and we do not care to have our residence known by the worn out title of the "White House." Let it be painted crimson, in commemoration of the desperate combat and sanguinary victory which has restored it to its rightful possessors. There are a few other trifles which we do not recall at present. They can wait our arrival. Ah! pray issue one thousand select invitations for a Reception and Ovation Ball to take place, the third evening after our installation, in the Rotunda of the Capitol. Compliment the army in my name for their gallantry and devotion to the cause of

Yours very truly, JEFFERSON D.

P. S.—Send the ladies of the late officers of the so-called U. S. Government to the convent at Georgetown under proper escort, and with due courtesy. Hang LINCOLN and SEWARD at once!! Keep the others close prisoners until our decision be known. With regard to those taken in arms against us, I will send you private instructions to-morrow.

You are hereby appointed Military Governor, *pro tem;* of the District of Columbia. Further orders for the northward march of our troops will be forwarded to-morrow.

AMERICA TO THE WORLD.

"You cannot be too decided or too explicit in making known to the French government that there is not now, or has there been, nor will there be any, the least idea existing in this government of suffering a dissolution of this Union to take place in any way whatever. There will be here only one nation and one government, and there will be the same republic and the same constitutional Union that have already survived a dozen national changes and changes of government in almost every other country. These will stand hereafter as they are now, objects of human wonder and human affection."—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

I.

Tell them this Union—so great—cannot sever,
Though it may tremble beneath the rude shock,
As it hath lived, so it shall live forever
Strong as the mountain oak, firm as the rock.

II.

Others have fallen—are falling around us,
Dynasties tremble and sink to decay;
But the great heart whose stony fetters have bound us
Never has throbbed as it's throbbing to day.

III.

Let them not deem in a moment of weakness,
We can surrender our birthright and name;—
Strike the old flag, and with patience and meekness,
Bear the foul blot on our hardly-earned fame.

IV.

Dumb be the tongue that would tell the foul story,
Blighted the brain could conceive it in sin;
Crushed be the heart that would tarnish the glory
And honor our country hath striven to win.

V.

Ever and ever our flag shall be streaming
Adding new glories of stripes and of stars;
Though the sword glancing and bayonet gleaming
Tells us of treasons, corruptions and wars.

VI.

Soon shall our land to its old peace returning
Spring to the duties that make nations great,
And while in every heart valor is burning
Calmly and bravely her destiny wait.

A Change of Title to be dreaded.

The slaves call their masters by their several first names, as Massa JOHN, Massa RICHARD, and the like. We fear, however, that if the present Rebellion continues, the negroes will take advantage of it to drop this innocent familiarity, and Mas-sa-cre their traitor lords indiscriminately.

A Compound Retrogression Syllogism.

If it takes three miles to make a league;—
And if a mile is only as good as a mile;—
And if a mile is not always a belle;—
How can the Bell make a league in the Border States?

Triumph of Mechanical Skill.

It is said that the Pennsylvania Legislature is being regularly drilled every evening. We presume this stupendous operation is accomplished by means of the Borers.

The Action of Maryland.

Back-action.

An Incident.

BY OUR OLDEST CONTRIBUTOR.

As HELEN at the breakfast table sat,
She said, "Papa, just think what they are at!
Our darling Seventh, whom we girls adore,
Are by Gorillas, from the Southern shore
To be attacked, and eaten by the brutes,
Unless each gallant lad some fifty shoots."

"Guerillas, *not* Gorillas, my dear child,"
Paterfamilias cried, in accents mild,
"The first is Spanish for an armed band
Of Peasants, roving over all the land,
And, though the South have always dealt in slaves,
(For bondsmen's work their haughty nature craves)
I never heard that to Virginia's capes
They ever had imported fighting apes."

"Well! well!" quoth HELEN, "Peasants or Baboons,
Our Seventh will whip them both, besides Dragoons."

Hard on Hotels and so Forth.

The London papers report the proceedings in the Divorce Court in the case of Viscount and Viscountess FORTH—the latter sueing for a divorce on account of her husband's cruelty, etc In the course of her testimony, Lady FORTH deposes thus: "He told me to go to a Bad Place; I then went to a Hotel."

A Volunteer Con.

Why are the troubles of our brave boys at Washington like the Birth of the Butterfly? Because they all Arise from the Grub!

Motto for a Reformed Inebriate.

"Take Care to keep Dry."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Near-Sighted Man.—"THOSE MY TROWSERS? WHY, I TOOK THEM FOR YOUR LEGS!

A COLTING.

VANITY FAIR clips the following from the Boston *Transcript* of May 4.

"PLEASE EXPLAIN. To divert public indignation a little, Col. COLT has contributed a handsome sum for the equipment of Connecticut troops; but will he or his friends please explain why at this particular juncture he raises the price of his patent fire-arms twenty five per cent, when he did not think of doing so while the demand was confined to his Southern friends."

Just so. Let's have a little explanation, and a few words over this same pistol-mill-lion-air which the Colonel is singing just now to such a high note.

All winter long, COLT—the lobbying COLT—made arms for the South. Made scores of thousands—knowing that they were meant to murder Northern patriots. Made them cheap, too—for COLT was a great friend of Southern customers. "Twenty-five per cent less."

By-and-by the Southerners began to kill and steal gaily and people began to grumble at seeing COLT weaponing the murderers. But Government was timid and irresolute, and the thing went on. Then the people Got Mad—and finally the War broke out.

And now who so patriotic and busy a COLT. Who so fighty and fussy? Who the bold soldier boy like COLT. Who raises a company? Who—who!

Bah!

Twenty-five per cent extra to his own party—twenty-five per cent off to the South!

War is a terrible thing. Its horrors are the sum of all horrors. But there is ONE good thing about War, bad as it is. It teaches people that there is, after all, something in life better worth living for than mere money. It shows them how contemptible, vile, miserable is that man who has no principle above money, above being shrewd and cute—how immeasurably baser than the lowest foot soldier in the ranks of Truth—is that times-serving creature whose grinning boast it is that he feathers his nest—no matter who wins or loses. In short, War has this which is glorious in it—that it puts a COLT, or anything of the kind, down to Its proper level—and somebody is soon found to pin it up on the walls of VANITY FAIR, where it remains ready for the historian of a future day, who may write a work on the Aids to Secession in the Great War of 1861.

Country papers please credit.

Damascus Twist.

"My friends," said SEBO, who is a young man of a serious turn of mind, "Baltimore is the Damascus of to-day. The mark of the beast is upon her. ISAIAH, the Prophet, foresaw her, when he spoke as follows, Chapter XVII. v. I."

"The burden of Damascus. Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap."

"Let such," continued SEBO, "be the fate of blasphemous Baltimore, should her bullies again obstruct the passage of our loyal soldiers."

"Yes," remarked RHINO, whose wit is of a lighter and more pungent character than that of SEBO; "blasphemous Baltimore, indeed! and the more like Damascus, you see, in respect of beginning with a Dam."

"And ending with a Cus," added UNO, with an epigrammatic emphasis that excited the envy of his companions.

From the South.

We understand that the convicts in the Southern Penitentiaries have generously volunteered to fight under the Confederate flag, and that their situations will be retained for them until they return.

The Noble Game of Euchre.

"Will you come 'down' to the Bower I have shaded for you?" as the Western man said, who had hid all the Bowers in his boots.

THE "GENTLEMEN."

A Mobile paper, not FORSYTH'S—but Another Man's—though not precisely *primus inter magnos*, is, however, as the Southern world goes, a respectable and decidedly representative paper. Not worse, not more indecent than others.

On April 27, it contained the following, speaking of our New-York troops:

"Most of the 7th Regiment are tolerably decent sort of men for Lincolnites, but hardly worthy the honor of being slaughtered by the gentlemen whom we have sent to do it."

Tolerably decent—passable sort of scrubs—something better than the very lower orders, but still a poor pack of snobs—not fit to be killed by the Southern gentlemen who— —

Well this *is* gay.

For some forty or fifty years has this tall talk been going on. "We are *so* aristocratic—oh we are *so* gentlemanly. We assure you that we are indeed—we are *so* refined—*so* cultivated—*so* well-bred—while *you* Northerners—!"

Fill the blank with all imaginable contempt.

The educated gentlemanly Southron! To be sure Northern professors taught him—from Northern society came all his culture in the elegancies and amenities of social life—every element of learning and utility in him came from the North— —

Bah—it's the old song—a very old one now. To every argument SCARAMOUCH continues to bob up and down and gabble, "*I'm* a gentleman—*I'm* a gentleman, gentle-gentle-gentleman!" Just so in turn, a little yellow illiterate monkey of a Cuban, or Guatemalan would turn up his nose in turn with sublime contempt and sneer at a Louisianian—a Creole, though the latter were born of the most intensely ignorant and do-nothing Creole French family among the Pelicans. Cuban *knows* himself to be a caballero—so they run.

Grace à Dieu—we've got a War among us which is going to knock some of this nonsense out of people's heads. The Gentleman is to be tested and loathsome, vulgar, superciliousness, and clown-in-the ring assurance will no longer force its way among its betters. That most insolent and sounding brass, Southern Cotton-Gentility—the completest humbug of American Society—with its varnished ignorance and turkey-cock elegance, will no longer vapor in our bar-rooms, and impose itself on the weak-minded of either sex as something truly Aristocratic. The brave-hearted and truly chivalric man—the one with a heart; he whose mission is the practical and honest, is the one whom War tests and purifies and shows to be the soldier and the Gentleman, while the Swash-Bucklers, and Bobadils, and Ancient Pistols are soon shown to be what they are.

As for the Seventh Regiment—VANITY FAIR would simply say that it has known some hundreds of F. F. Southrons in its time, but never met the first one who in either courtesy, ability, honor, delicacy, kindness of heart, or refinement could be named with more than one of its friends in the Seventh. As for the fighting, *Nous verrons!*

SMALL SHOT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Not Strange.

The Charleston papers announce that information has reached that city, that a large fleet of British gun-boats is now being got ready for sea at Portsmouth, England, and that they will be sent to the vicinity of Charleston at an early day to protect English shipping, should it become necessary.

Very likely. Several gun-boats and such "stronger vessels" are being fitted out in our own ports, "to protect American shipping, should it be necessary."

A General Surmise.

It is stated that General BEAUREGARD, while rowing around in Charleston harbor lately, underwent an involuntary baptism by the sudden upsetting of the boat. His friends fished him out, and the papers chronicled it as a narrow escape from drowning. If a popular proverb may be relied on, however, the General was not in the slightest danger. Any sagacious board of underwriters would be willing to insure him against death by drowning for a very small amount.

An enthusiastic southern exchange, in relation to this same General, chronicles the joy with which a "Virginia Girl" received his card photograph. She says, "I have placed the General in a handsome little frame, and crowds come every day to see him." It is quite probable that "the General" before long will be placed in a rather more extended frame, when crowds will have an ample opportunity of seeing him.

Better Late than Never.

Our neighbors over the line have made a remarkable discovery. A Georgian cotemporary says:

According to the laws of Georgia, and most of the Southern States, the selling or buying and circulating of the New-York *Herald*, as it is now conducted, is indictable and amenable to severe punishment, and if interest and patriotism will not suffice, we hope magistrates, solicitors and Grand Juries, and Committees of Safety will take up the matter.

Decency, self respect and honor, require the suppression of this sheet so far as Southern circulation is concerned.

No one North will deny the correctness of this latter conclusion. The only wonder is that the Secessionists have been so long in coming to it.

A Special Edict.

"All persons are fobidden to discharge firearms within the limits of the city of Charleston, S. C.

Crafty PICKENS! it won't do. We see through this: You want to let the President know "it's agin the law" for him to send men down there to discharge firearms. There is nothing like a word in season in ordinary cases, but this unconstitutionally elected ABRAHAM, having been drunk for six weeks straight ahead, according to your precious sheets, is by this time, no doubt, a very hard case, and therefore beyond reason and season. Decidedly we cannot submit to be curtailed of our little enjoyment, and we trust the authorities of Charleston will repeal the obnoxious edict and let us shoot them, like the Frenchman "ever so little."

Good for Her.

A lady recently emigrated from South Carolina to the North. The Chivalry endeavored to force her to remain, by swearing to confiscate all her Southern property (her whole fortune) if she left. She replied that she would far rather depend upon Northern Alms than upon Southern Arms for her future protection. And thereupon she left. We know this was a poor joke—especially to the Chivalry. But it's a Fact!

A Prismatic Reflection.

The seven Seceding States may be compared to the Seven primitive colors. While they preserved their integrity they were pure and brilliant; but when they went and got themselves mixed up in the Secession movement, the result was a muddle.

Per Contra.

The Secessionists are said to be sadly Deficient in Arms. We predict on the other hand, that when they meet the Federal Forces "in battle array," they will display a great Efficiency in the matter of Legs.

"THIS SIDE UP."

THE great question of our time and country, fraught as it is with vital interests, must not be treated with levity. The writer who goes in for writing about it must do that muscularly. He must adapt himself to the exigencies of the times: must put himself upon a war footing; go into training with severity; and, above all things, be strictly regimental in his regimen and drinks.

Acting upon the latter principle, we have just supplied ourselves with a quart of Kerosene cock-tail, swallowed a couple of lucifer matches, put a fresh charge of gunpowder in our pipe, and taken our knife belt up two holes; and, these preparations made, we go in full blast for despising the arts of peace and cherishing the science of war.

To our way of thinking, the latter depends more upon meat than upon metal. Like a slice of bread-and-butter, the great question of our time and country has two sides. The right side, the buttered side, Our side, is uppermost. Keep it so. Stick a Union flag in it, blazoned in letters of gold with the inscription "This Side Up, with Care." Post a conspicuous notice near it, in the well-known words—"If anybody attempts to haul down this flag, shoot him upon the spot."

But, as we have already remarked, success in war depends more upon meat than upon metal. To beef and beer the bayonet has ever been indebted for much of that inspiration with which it has promoted the hasty retreat of those who "didn't exactly see it." Potatoes, if not too small, are of great value in inducing powder to burn straight. SOYER, prince of *maitres-de-cuisine*, did more for the science of war with his kitchen-range than MINIÉ with his rifle-range: he continually outflanked the enemy by his method of preparing an Irish Stew. There was a "side up," when SOYER was called upon to go into the business with his *batterie-de cuisine* and his practice was to keep that side up "With Care."

We are afraid that the Commissaries who look after the comforts of our volunteers are not sufficiently alive to the importance of the interests entrusted to them. Here and there, if not everywhere, we read of complaints respecting the amount and quality of provisions for the camp. Indignation meetings have been held, in more than one instance, to express the sentiments of a hungry and half-uniformed regiment. A graphic correspondent of the *Daily Times* has told us how the brave Massachusetts mechanic-soldiers rebuilt the bridges and repaired the railway tracks on a "black fast:" which, by-the-by, was only carrying out the great principle enunciated by the late administration, when they undertook to build up the broken bridge between North and South by enjoining upon all citizens the duties of a long face and an empty stomach; or, in other words, a day of humiliation and abstinence from meat and drink.

SOYER was famous for making much out of very little; but the present writer would have defied even that great General to have made much out of the following, which comes authentically as a description of a Connecticut soldier's mess:

"Two very small potatoes, one ounce of bread, and one quarter of an ounce of fat meat."

We can only account for such a refinement of starvation as the above, by supposing that the commissary appointed to provide for the Connecticut troops is a near relative of the "two very small potatoes" in question, and one who thinks that public interests ought to be sacrificed to the claims of blood.

If our citizen soldiery are to be organized upon Rational principles, let their Rations be looked to, the very first thing. We demand for them no luxuries, but necessaries, only. We lift not up our voices and wail because Washington, owing to the troubles of the times, "has been without oysters for four days." They will fight like tigers without *pâté de foie gras*, will our volunteers; nor will they demur at being unsupplied with the superfluous truffle, while they have the will and the weapons wherewith to mow down the Southern Mushroom.

But they must have beef and bread. The right side must be kept up; and the only way to do this is by strictly following out the direction—"This Side up, WITH CARE."

SWORD AND PLOUGH.

BY CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

I.

The Sword came down to the red-brown field,
Where the Plough to the furrow heaved and keeled;
And it looked so proud in its jingling gear,
Said the Plough to the Sword, "What brings you here?"

II.

"Long years ago, ere I was born,
They doubled my grandsire up, one morn,
To forge a share for you, and now
They want him back," said the Sword to the Plough.

III.

The red-brown field glowed a deeper red,
As the gleam of War o'er the landscape sped;
The sabres flashed and the cannons roared,
And, side by side, fought the Plough and the Sword.

The only Nations that are likely to "rope in" with the South.

Stag—nation.
Halluci—nation.
Machi—nation.
Abomi—nation.
Conster—nation.
Vermi—nation.
Extermi—nation.
Elimi—nation.
Decli—nation.
Contami—nation.
Inordi—nation.
Consarci—nation.
Calci—nation.
Alie nation.
Profa—nation.
Rui—nation.
Termi—nation.
Dam—nation.

False Heraldry.

Metal upon metal is bad heraldry. The New-York *Herald* don't know it, because BENNETT is a bogus *Herald* who wears a false tabard, but it's a fact, nevertheless, that when he superimposes his brass upon the natural cold steel of his heart, he makes a sorry figure of it. His new-fangled Unionism is the funniest thing yet. ZAMET HAYRIDDIN, scorned from the presence of CHARLES of Burgundy, was treated just as our false *Herald* ought to be. But the poor old fellow is catching it both ways. The South curses him and the North derides him. Serves him right for trying to practice Canting Heraldry.

Worsted and Worse.

Our warriors must be somewhat puzzled by the contradictory suggestions thrown out for their benefit by the daily press. One writer requests them on no account to wear any other socks than cotton socks, when marching. The *Tribune*, on the contrary, asserts that they must wear worsted ones if they want to save their country and their corns. We go in for GREELEY, this time. The man who sticks up for the Cotton is open to a suspicion of secessionism; while GREELEY is consistent in standing up for the Wool. We think the Cotton man will be Worsted.

From our Paradoxical Aphorist.

The miser is an uninductive syncrasy. He believes that there is Virtue in money, and yet he grasps it like a Vice.

THE BEST KIND OF RECRUITING SERGEANT.

The Cook —"GIVE US A KISS, MARY?"
Parlor Maid —"DON'T BOTHER ME! WHY AIN'T YOU AWAY SOLDIERING WITH THE BEST YOU GREAT HULKING FELLOW?—KISSES IS FOR THEM THAT COMES BACK!"

A PIOUS PAIR.

While A. H. STEPHENS of Georgia is making speeches announcing that God is on their side, and that he glories in the consciousness of our (their) rectitude, the eminently, honorably, upright and ever so much religious Governor of the same State is coolly sequestrating all Northern funds, exonerating Southerners from paying their business obligations due the North, provided the same is paid into the treasury of the State.

This is a fitting rejoinder to the reply of the New-York Banks that Southern funds would be respected here.

There is one consolation we of the North will have in the future, and that is if honest creditors here don't get their own there is but little probability that their dishonest debtors will derive much benefit from our investment in that swindling State of Georgia. There is a joke, worthy of the richest to be found in Rabelais, in the association of the words security and Southern honor in the same paragraph, and the juxtaposition must have excited a loud ha-ha from the lips of President DAVIS and his constitutional advisers, while COBB, THOMPSON, and FLOYD shrieked with delight. Will not the banks of New-York cheerfully respond to this message, and proceed immediately to invest all Southern funds in their possession, and so partially secure the creditors of these Nyms, Bardolphs, and Pistols of Georgia?

Come Governor MORGAN, give Mr. BROWN a Roland for an Oliver, and in the meantime Brother BEECHER will take care of Mr. STEPHENS's piety.

Bubble, Bubble.

Brigadier General COOKE of the State of Virginia announces "the capitol has never been threatened, and it is not now threatened." No doubt of it now Mr. COOKE; the presence of so many Northern soldiers at Washington spoils the hell-broth Gov. WISE and the rest of the cooks and bottle washers for the Southern Confederacy, were preparing for the Government.

A Capital Joke.

JEFF. DAVIS & Co 's projected capture of Washington.

Try another Game.

A Mobile journal says "the South has lost confidence in BRAGG." We should think it was about time. But what game will they try now? We know of but one other they excel in—viz: Bluff. In that, just now, they'd be sure to hold a Full Hand of Knaves.

Comparatively a Trifle.

It is rumored that Gen. PILLOW contemplates an attack on Cairo. Let him beware, for although it took a SAMSON to pull down the pillars of Gaza, he will find a 'prentice (PRENTISS) quite enough to demolish the Pillow of Tennessee.

Would it be Fare.

When the omnibus driver pounds for his pennies should not the passenger look around and say "I will take care of the Pence and let the Pounds take care of themselves?"

Give me a cup of Sack.

South Carolina is fully determined to sack Philadelphia and New-York. This reminds us very forcibly of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF who, after any swindling or thieving transaction, invariably wound up with a call for Sack.

Quits.

"Why don't you quit drinking?" asked the Divinity-Student, of X.

"I do," responded the joker; "eight or ten times a day!"

An "Invention of the Enemy."

The Charleston Floating Battery.

CASH THAT OUGHT TO BE LOOKED AFTER.

We are informed by a daily paper—the editor of which, like the late GEORGE WASHINGTON, "has a little hatchet and would not tell a lie"—that the following is a copy of a letter recently sent to OLE DABE by one of JEFF DAVIS's misguided followers:—

DEMOPOLIS, Ala., Confederate States of America, April, 1861,

"HIS EXCELLENCY, ABLAHAM LINCOLN—*Sir:* I have just read your proclamation calling for 75,000 mercenaries to invade these States. With all proper respect, I offer you a wager of $50,000 that we meet you half way and whip you and your Yankee host.

Respectfully, ALFRED HATCH.

P. S.—If the bet is accepted, the money will be deposited in the Farmers' Bank of Virginia."

Were it not that the matter is one of altogether too serious import, we should playfully suggest to ALFRED to "bet his small change first;" as it is, however, we recommend his letter to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States. That Fifteen Million Loan has all been taken, of course, but we don't think the Secretary in question would be so distressed as to lie awake nights if he should meet a man with $50,000 to spare just now. ALFRED lives in Demopolis, Mr. SECRETARY. You'd better go and see him.

Interesting to Bolters.

We noticed, lately an announcement of large quantities of Bolting Cloth to be disposed of in lots, to suit purchasers. Perhaps JEFF. DAVIS would like to buy it up. It's just the stuff for trousers for his troops, who will have some Bolting to do before the game is played out.

From our Sleepy Contributor.

It is reported that the authorities of Kentucky and Tennessee say they will do nothing to suppress Pillow. Will they promise they will not Bolster him up?

BAD BUSINESS

For Jeffy Davis and little A. H. Stephens, who thought they had got Gen. Scott up a tree, but discovered that it was a H rnet's Nest.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SUAMPI, April 13th.

DEAR VANITY:—Still here. My boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea, but somehow, I don't seem to get off.

In point of fact, I am detained.

Future is big with something.

I regret to learn that you are enjoying a civil war at home.

But I have some knowledge that may put a different face on affairs.

Last night, as the bul-bul was engaged in singing melifluous cadences to the rose, by a very superior moonlight, I strolled in the garden with BIANCA. . . .

(I am in love with BIANCA.)

. . . Suddenly, a tall man, wrapped in a long military cloak, and wearing a Scotch cap on his head, darted forth from a thicket of pine-apple vines, and passed directly in front of us at a stage stride.

Fearing assassination, I quickly drew my bowie-knife from the back of my neck, and threw myself upon him.

"Death before dishonor!" I cried; "your money or your life!"

. . . His cloak fell open, his cap fell off. . . .

I recognized LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Of course, I permitted him to arise. He apologized for having startled me, and said that he had been obliged to seek me out, but, being unpopular in the Roman States, had taken the precaution to travel incog.

"What do you wish of me, Sire?" I asked.

"Advice."

"Concerning what?"

"My government of France."

"Aren't you thirsty?"

"Thirsty as a graven image."

"BIANCA, dear," I said in my peculiar flute-like tones of affection; "BIANCA, love, go and mix two gin-cocktails, not too sweet."

"Are you a 'K. G. C.?'" asked NAPOLEON.

"What is that?"

"Knight of the Gin Cocktail!" replied the Emperor, laughing. What can be finer than the sportive converse of two great men?

We entered the house, and NAPOLEON consulted me at length, on affairs of State. I cheerfully gave him the best advice I could.

"Now," said he, twisting his imperial, "what do you want?"

"Another cocktail, Sire?,'

"But from me?"

"A fleet."

"How many sail?"

"Twelve line-of-battle ships, steel-plated; six frigates, silver-plated; four sloops-of-war, electrotyped; and a Buhl-faced scow."

"You shall have them. Want any men?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Twelve regiments of mounted seamen; six battalions of marine sappers and miners, a brigade of light artillery, a regiment of vivandieres, and a brass band."

"You shall have them."

I pressed his hand. He is not such a bad fellow, this NAPOLEON.

At midnight, I assisted him on with his Scotch cap . . . a souvenir, he said, of the Empress EUGENIE, whose ancestors were FITZPATRICKS . . . and his military cloak. We were about parting, when he turned, and an expression of curiosity passed over his thoughtful brow, settling upon the tip of his lovely Hebraic nose.

"May I ask," said he, "what the d—l you are going to do with your fleet?"

"Sire," I replied, while a glow of lofty patriotic fire illumined my fine face; "Sire, my country calls! The stars of my banner are dimming in the unwholesome breezes of the swampy South, and the crimson of its stripes pales before the crimson of a brother's blood! More I cannot say just now. Send for me, and I'll come. If you don't want me I'll go back again."

"*Vous êtes une brique*," said the Emperor, "*bouilli pour vous!*"

So I thought.

NAPOLEON left me, promising to send an excellent man, Commodore COSPETTO DI VENDETTA, a Corsican, to me, within a few days, to arrange the commands, etc., for my fleet.

The next day but one this gentleman arrived. Unfortunately he understood no English, and I no Corsican.

"*Parlez Francais?*" I asked.

"*Nix*," he replied.

"*Deutsch?*"

"*Nix.*"

"*Espanol?*"

"*Nix.*"

"*Italiano?*"

"*Nix.*"

"Latin?"

"*Nix.*"

"Greek?"

"*Nix.*"

"Hebrew?"

"*Nix.*"

"Irish?"

"*Nix.*"

"New Jersey?"

"*Nix.*"

The case became rather a hard one. I didn't know what on earth to say to the man. It was certainly awkward.

But I am never long at fault. I bethought myself of addressing him in thieves' slang, and found that he understood it perfectly.

In this inelegant but expressive dialect, he told me that the Emperor wished him to obey my orders in everything. My fleet was in the course of active preparation. COSPETTO DI VENDETTA was to command . . . under me. Meanwhile, he remains here, and boards with me at four dollars a week.

So you see, dear VANITY, that I am once more on my pins, and all right for another campaign. When my fleet is ready, we shall see what we shall see!

MCARONE.

COCKE-ADOODLE-DOO.

Gen. COCKE, who commands the Virginia banditti on the seceding side of the Potomac, has issued a letter, in which he says that the Elderly Dominion has never entertained the idea of attacking Washington. In justice to COCKE we feel bound to publish his statement, but in justice to ourselves we must add that COCKE undoubtedly lies. We all too well know that nothing but the prompt arrival of Union troops at the capital saved it from the thievish grasp of the Virginians. COCKE goes on to say that,

"The North has not openly and according to the usage of civilized nations declared war on us. We make no war on them; but, should the soil of Virginia or the grave of WASHINGTON be polluted by the tread of a single man in arms from north of the Potomac, it will cause open war."

You make no war on us? COCKE you are absurd. You are preposterous, COCKE. How about Harper's Ferry, and Norfolk, and Gosport? How about anything belonging to the Government anywhere in Virginia? You have stolen all, COCKE. Not only that, COCKE, but you have picked the pockets of numerous citizens of your own State simply because they were born in the North, and then kicked them out of their own houses. When we say that you did all this, COCKE, of course we mean you and the other thieves.

COCKE, you are the richest, iciest, cheekiest traitor in the whole Virginia gang. You are more amusing than WISE. We enjoy you. You entertain us. Crow some more, old COCKE.

The Seal and the Cygnet.

Among recent telegrams from Annapolis, we clipped the following:

The great Seal of the State is at Annapolis, and will be thrown into the Chesapeake sooner than be placed on the ordinance of Secession.

Good for the Great Seal of Maryland! which will take the water naturally, if necessary. For, be it a Seal, or be it a Cygnet, we'll back it to remain safe under the waters of the Chesapeake for an indefinite period, and come up on the Right Side at last.

First and Then.

Strongest thing at a pull.
Steam Ship.
Next strongest ditto.
Wind Ship.

Soda-March.

Some Southern paper says "The North are in a temporary effervescence." The "effervescence" may be "temporary," but the "fountain" is of iron.

Tennessee Please Notice.

There's a slight difference between a Pillar of Fire and a PILLOW of Smoke.

HURRAH FOR THE WAR!

HOOP, Hurrah! "Crow, Clarion, Crow!" All over the North, men—aye, and brave-hearted women, too—have risen at last and gone at the business of battle in right earnest. We have accepted it as the current order of life—are using ourselves to it. In every family war-work runs calmly on—garments and all comforts are prepared, and the Volunteer who goes forth with gun is no more held to do a strange deed than when of old he went to business.

And yet we do not as yet half know what War means. When it *does* go home to a heart here and there in full significance, there is a leaping up in fierce joy—a wild exuberance of delight that it has come, such as no great event in this country ever yet gave occasion for. *Evoe!* We see it dawning at last in glorious beauty—the last great Dayspring of Freedom—the final struggle of the Morning Red with the Power of Darkness. The man who reads this age like a book and has mastered the mighty human problems involved in its awful yet ineffably beautiful Progress, trembles with joy—yes, may well weep with pleasure—to see this glorious battle kindling its fires from hill to hill. Hurrah!

We rejoice, firstly and fairly then, that the Negro Question has come to a fierce and desperate crisis and must be settled. No matter how, what, why or when—settled it Shall be now and that squarely. *How* we care not—one thing we know, which is that out of this fight we do not come until the Negro business is knocked higher than a kite—somehow. No more slaves in Territories, no more Fugitive Slave bothers, Nigger hunting and everlasting currying of Wool in Congress. If every negro in Maryland and Virginia and Kentucky is to be run to Canada or rushed into the sea we neither know nor care. But the black incubus shall no longer night mare us, no longer be the great basis of American institutions. That much we can swear to—so hurrah for a free white America with nine and a tiger!

We rejoice and are exceeding glad that the drawling, ignorant, arrogant, and dissipated Southron will no longer parade in our Society his snobbish provincialism and ostentatious Gentility, his habitual and characteristic disregard of the feelings of Northerners, his bowie-knife braggadocio and those innumerable impertinences which an enormous stretch of our affability has suffered to pass as "ease of manner." We are glad that the loafing, idle, whiskey-julep sucking "cavalier" is to lose caste and make way by universal consent in American society for a far higher type of Gentleman—for the brave-hearted, truly educated, practical, and sensible cosmopolite man of the world, who can Work at anything useful without shame—a type of cavalier far more elevated and noble than anything which the cotton *haut ton* ever produced from the sour cream of its families. We see the full development of such character among our Northmen in this splendid war—so hurrah again for that!

We rejoice that the vile provincialism which takes more pride in being born on a certain starveling fragment of up-country dirt than in the exercise of all the virtues, is to become disreputable and contemptible among all decent and high-minded people. We see from afar that this glorious and purifying war will make men proud of being AMERICANS—of inhabiting the broad thousand-league belt of a tremendous continent—and shame the fellow who yells up his paltry state-fraction over the whole. Man grows greater with his father-land, and small and mean as it diminishes. Of late years, friends, the South which has ruled in all things has crumbled away and belittled every great wholesome national feeling, degrading Pride into little, petty, poisonous local Vanity. Our great men have been QUATTLEBUMS—our great principles—pickings and stealings—our great contests of principle the quarrels of drunken Congressional rowdies. And now—GOD willing—the great North will shake off these abominations and rise to higher rational aims and be grand among the nations—so hurrah for that!

We rejoice that those coarse arrogancies of manner and local tom-fooleries which it is the tendency of a Northern education to shake off and of a Southern one to increase, and which disgraces us in Europe as "Americanism" will begin to diminish as unworthy the men of a great nation. We rejoice that we shall at least be represented by Gentlemen, abroad, and we are exceeding glad that the great majority of all places of dignity, honor and profit of a nation of over thirty millions will no longer be monopolized by the hereditary representatives of the "first families" among some two or three hundred thousand negro owners. For all this a very excessive hurrah!

Ladies and Gentlemen, readers of VANITY FAIR—we might go on with a long litany of our causes to rejoice that this war has broken out. We might rejoice that Free Labor, Free Learning, and a Free Fair Life are rising in health, strength and beauty before us, and that the brave enterprise of the North will at length rend away the intolerable chains which have kept them hitherto in a foul dungeon. Bah—we can do without this South. *Male pereant!* What!—are our millions of strong arms to wither and wise brains to go to dust, and may fair eyes gleam no longer—will the steam mill and printing-press grow silent in the vast cities, and the plough man no longer whistle a-field amid the rich acres, and all art and industry and love and beauty in life die because the negro-driver hates us. Ha! This while our Northern Gentlemen (who are *also* Working Men) can wield sword and rifle! Out and fight! The fountains of the Great Deep are roused, the devil is loosed and the *Lauwine* thunders a-down the valley—hurrah!

FREE!

AIR:—*The Russian "Troika," or, "They tell me thou'rt a favored guest."*

Now Spring has burst the icy fountain,
The flood at last goes rushing down,
The crags all thundering from the mountain,
And those below may fly or drown!

Woe to the stubborn ones persisting
When avalanches crushing fall,
Woe to the tyrant foe resisting
When freemen loud to battle call.

For thirty years we've borne the jeering
Of "Northern serf" from Southern lord,
Expecting, hoping, trembling, fearing—
And now we'll pay you with the Sword.

The Sword—the best of mediators,
The victim's noblest, holiest law,
Flash out the blade and crush the traitors
With one great, glorious, bold hurrah!

So they Say.

His Majesty JEFFERSON I. in consideration as well of the lamentable shortness of General BRAGG's name as of his long continued performances within a few miles of Fort Pickens, has been most graciously pleased to order and direct that hereafter he shall be called General BRAGGADOCIO and obeyed and respected accordingly.

Criticism.

A correspondent informs us that our criticism on CLANCEY's editorial last week was not just, for the Feats of the Union soldiers will cause many Sighs among the seceders.

A Desirable Bore.

Dahlgreen's ten inch shell gun.

The Difference.

The North rifle cannon, the South rifle arsenals.

Death, the Reaper.

The *Times* teems of late with military suggestions. The scientific editor is in favor of employing steam-engines as a horse-tile force, manned by the fire Zoo-zoos, and we certainly think they might be useful in throwing cold water on Secession. It is not thus, however, that the S. E. proposes to employ them, but as traction engines to reduce the intractable Southrons. For the sake of contributing our might to this scientific warfare, we would suggest that a regiment of engines be at once mustered into active service. They might be manned by members of the engineer corps, and armed with scythes, and started under a full head of steam into the enemy's field, they would probably soon verify the words of the preacher—"all flesh is grass." There is reason to believe that the Scythians practiced this species of warfare.

"$20 a Month and Found."

We have perused large placards offering the above inducements to persons qualified as Ordinary Seamen.

A thought strikes us. It is brilliant. A man may be termed an Ordinary Seaman because he is expected to keep a Good Look Out.

Working both Ways.

Gen. PILLOW, the traitor, has distinguished himself, before now, by digging ditches: now he has a chance to fill one.

Binnacle Lights.

Stearin' Candle.

HARD ON VAN TYLER.

(Who prides himself on his soldierly appearance.)

Nasty little Boy.—HI, SEE THEM BOOTS—SAY LEGS WHY DIDN'T YER GO ANOTHER QUARTER AND BUY THE WHOLE TAN-YARD.

HEIGHO! SAYS ROWDY.

(AIR.—"*A Frog he would a wooing go.*")

A rough he would a soldiering go,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
A rough he would a soldiering go
Whether ABE LINCOLN would let him or no,
With his Rowdy dowdy, billy and sticker;
Heigho! says Rowdy.

So off he set with knife and brickbat,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
And with all sorts of weapons that chanced to come pat,
To lay all them d—d Baltimoreans flat,
With his showy bowie, cannon and spanner,
Hooray! says Rowdy.

But the way the State treated poor Rowdy was mean,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
The way the State treated poor Rowdy was mean,
For they placed him in camp under strict Quarantine
With his Rowdy dowdy, camping and drilling,
Heigho! says Rowdy.

Poor Rowdy is likely to spile for a muss,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
If he doesn't lam some one he feels "like a cuss,"
We hope he won't take it in head to lam us,
With his Rowdy dowdy, lam 'em and spin 'em,
Hi-yah! says Rowdy.

Proverb for the Consideration of any Enemy holding ground before the Fire Department Zouaves.

Yield them the value of an inch and they'll take an Ell's worth.

Seize-session.

Both Privateers and Land Forces at the South act in concert on the high Seize.

SOUTHERN INFANTRY IN ARMS.

A good many years ago, when Boston was occupied by English forces, a committee of boys waited on the commandant to protest against some petty display of tyranny on the part of the soldiers, and asserted with spirit that they weren't going to stand it. The General (we think it was GAGE) turned to his friends and said "there is no hope of conquering this people where even the boys show the courage of men!" So we read in a late dispatch from Annapolis, that,

> "When the Constitution left her wharf, the gates of the yard were thrown open, and the citizens entered, the yard presenting a warlike appearance, Small boys were marching about with sabres and revolvers at their sides, and every face presented a solemn and revengeful cast."

There's nothing said about the Boston boys carrying sabres and revolvers, or their faces presenting "a solemn and revengeful cast;" so we may consider the modern juveniles ahead in point of courage. As for the "solemn and revengeful" cast of countenance, that seems to be indigenous, in the South, where a humorist, or joker, or man of general jollity, is as rare as modesty. But the sabres and revolvers obviously settle the point; and we confess the inference fills us with alarm. The boys down there not alone show the Courage of men; they *are* men! And the men! Why some of them are so intensely masculine as to be like MRS. MALAPROP'S Cerberus—three gentlemen in one!

For Artillery, Only.

There are few mysteries more difficult to preserve than that of a masked battery. It can only be done by wide shooting; because, if you shoot so straight that every ball Tells, your position is of course Betrayed.

Elephantastic.

Q. Why is a cannon ball like a "baggage smasher"!

A. Because, although it has often carried away an elephant's Trunk, it has never been known to return it.

TERPSICHOREAN TACTICS.

In view of the momentous crisis now impending over our country, it becomes the duty of every loyal man and true to prepare himself to bear an active part in the defense of Right, Justice, and the Morrill Tariff.

Such is our (rhetorical, not military,) major.

In order that every loyal (as above) may properly prepare himself, (as aforesaid,) the first requisites are thorough discipline and a precise knowledge of military manœuvres.

This constitutes our (also, rhetorical, not adolescent,) minor.

Ergo—In view of the momentous, &c., now impending, &c.. &c., it becomes the duty of every, &c., &c., to acquire thorough discipline and a precise knowledge of military manœuvres.

Which is our conclusion.

For the attainment of this end, no means should be neglected, and although the approach of the Watering Place season will call from the city many of our gallant patriots, yet is it not necessary to relax aught of the strict attention to warlike art which now characterizes our entire population. With that admirable forethought and transcendent genius which has ever marked the course of Vanity Fair, we have invented and do hereby promulgate a system of tactics whereby the gay routine of Newport or Saratoga may be rendered conducive to a proper performonce of the sterner duties of the tented field.

Dancing is, and ever will be, the main pursuit of our Fashionables, and dancing, as V. F. is prepared to demonstrate, can be rendered an important auxiliary in the military instruction of new recruits, or the maintenance of discipline in the case of adepts. To illustrate our meaning, we will take the last figure of the Lancers, to execute which with precision, the following orders will be given:

The squad being drawn up in hollow square, facing inwards, the Instructor will command,

Males left, FACE—*Females right*, FACE.

Forward—in semicircle—MARCH. (Having completed the semicircle, this order will be repeated. On reaching original places, he will command—HALT.

First couple—forward, MARCH—*countermarch by file left*, MARCH—HALT.

In double file form squad, MARCH. *Males four paces to the right, Females four paces to the left*, MARCH. *Males four paces to the left, Females four paces to the right, march. Forward, countermarch by files left and right*, MARCH.—HALT. *Squad front*, FACE.

Forward two paces, MARCH.—*Backward two paces*, MARCH. *Deploy as skirmishers, increase intervals, in hollow square, countermarch by file right, into place*, MARCH.

Persons conversant with military affairs will be enabled to apply the rules given above to all Ball room manœuvres. The minor dances under this system will serve for squad drills, while the school of the Battalion will be practised in the "German," which may thus serve instead of the battle field to develope and exercise all the resources of military strategy.

Quaestionales Rationes de Vita et Rebus Teutonicis, cum Solutionibus huc pertinentibus.

Why is a German necessarily large?
Cos he's a *Mensch*. Big thing!

Why is a Gerwoman not neat?
Cos she's *Frau*—see? (frowsy.) Neat thing!

Why are Gerchildren better than others?
Cos they're *Kinder*. Interesting juvenile!

What is a Ger-Senator's happiest session?
The *Mittag-Session*. Fat thing!

Why is a native German like a Southern planter?
Cos his home is near the Black Oder. Sweet thing!

When is Mecklenburg profane?
When it's Mecklenburg Schwerin. Funny thing!

Why is a German letter never tiresome?
Cos it's always *Brief*. Good thing!

What is the best dirt for a German?
The *Wurst*. Feline thing!

Why is a live German like a dead one?
Cos he lays in *Bier*. Juicy thing!

FRISCHLINUS TOLLENKOPFIUS.

A Woodland Song.

"We may be a Pie yet," as the wild pigeon sang when he was requested by his equally wild companions to contribute to the harmony of the meeting.

SHUT UP THERE

An irrepressible JOHN KETTLEWELL, writes the following, which appears in the last Charleston *Mercury*.

BALTIMORE, April 19, 1861.

"Baltimore has covered herself with glory. Yesterday was the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, and nobly did we celebrate it. Not only nobly, but significantly. We fought the enemy in our streets, for a mile and a half, with stones, bricks, pistols, hammers and *fists*; drove one part to Washington, the largest part back to their Northern homes, and have about one hundred prisoners."

Very nobly. Immensely nobly, oh KETTLEWELL. Yes—"with stones, bricks, pistols, hammers and fists"—you did most decidedly assault and murder unarmed men, until the armed ones turned and gave you back more than you gave—you homicide-praising traitor!

Wasn't it gay?

Hasn't the "glory" turned out a good investment?

Baltimore would do well to take care of these KETTLEWELLS, who write such articles. There is a keen eye over Maryland and a sharp sword waiting its wink. The Union sentiment of that impulsive State is by no means so perfectly established in our good opinion that we would advise Government to relax one jot of its watch and wardenship over Mobopolis. There is a Red Hand still hanging at the South end of the Park Barracks in New York, beneath which is the significant inscription:

TO BALTIMORE!

"OLD VIRGINNY."

North Carolina is congratulated by her Adjutant-General that "Virginia will in all probability be the first battle ground."

Georgia is told by Mr. TOWELL COBB to be at ease, and go on planting, for Old Virginia is to stand the shock and be the barrier.

Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, have all in many ways indicated a feeling of immense relief since they have found that "our brothers in Virginia" are to be the scape-goats of the Secession war. "Brave Virginia" it is thought can do most of her own fighting. "Gallant Virginia" has inexhaustible resources, Chivalric Virginia has always been the loudest champion for Slavery, and starved on the Institution while Cotton-dom made the money.

In the mighty legend of the Amoronthologosphofus we are told that the Fox induced the Rabbit to fight a duel for him—Fox—with the Dog.

Poor Rabbit!

Fire and Sword, battle and sudden death, slaves flying northward, perhaps burning, and murdering, and outraging as they go! God in his mercy avert it all, but — — put fire into gunpowder and there WILL be a explosion.

And Virginia is putting fire to powder—rushing to certain Abolitionism more madly than Massachusetts ever went — —

And Cotton-dom is doubtless—very much obliged to her!

Ere long Virginia must, to keep her slaves from running away—or doing worse—sell them South. At considerably less than half price.

Which will be Hilarious for Cottondom, and luscious for Virginia? Only wait and see?

A Question of Color.

A contemporary critic informs us that Mr. CHURCH'S new picture represents blocks of ice and "idle sweeps of water kindling into a million diversities of hue." If this is true, Mr. CHURCH'S testimony must be added to that of those who insist on the indolence of the black races. It must be admitted, however, that the "idle sweeps of water" do more than the "idle sweeps of land," as we never remember seeing the latter of any other than one color. How it is with regard to the "idle sweeps" of the waters around Cape Sable, and of the Black Sea, we have no specific information. We blush "a million diversities of hue," as we ask how it is with the "sweeps of the waters" of the Niger! By the way, will Mr. CHURCH'S testimony become popular as The Testimony of the Blacks?

Mental Reservation.

No matter how well the fence Resolution may be put up, the pig Equivocation is sure to make his way through it. Thus, when JOHN was about going to the wars, the other day, he gladdened the hearts of his lecturing parents by saying—"It's all right, I tell you I haven't had a Glass of ale for four months." Now, the rascal has been swilling any quantity of it out of pewter, for the last sixteen weeks.

A PORTRAIT

OF A DIABOLICAL SECESSIONIST WHO LED INTO CAPTIVITY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. WM. WILSON'S BOYS ARE REQUESTED TO LOOK AFTER HIM.

WHAT FORT SUMTER DID FOR ME.

My love has gone to the wars. I saw him last in a car which belongs to The Old Colony Railroad Co. He was in the seat behind the band-man, who was black in the face, with playing the trombone. CHARLES was dreadfully annoyed by the music, I know; it prevented the culmination of pathetic feeling, which had begun to work, so far as to compel him to get out his handkerchief from the breast pocket of his red coat. The exertion of fishing it up with his finger and thumb, for the pocket was too tight for him to get his hand in, also embarrassed him. I could not help observing this from my place among the rest of the girls on the platform; of course, it would not do for me to cry before them, because it is not known that we are engaged, and had I cried, they would have guessed it, and I should have been pitied. "All aboard," the conductor called, and the train started. Nobody put out his head to nod back to us, nobody waved a handkerchief. In my opinion every man needed his handkerchief for another purpose. The band played furiously till the locomotive carried it beyond hearing; the latter then set up an awful shriek, and we turned away from the platform.

Only eighteen men have gone from our village, which is sixty miles from Boston. The Governor sent for the whole Company of the Mallett Guards, twenty-five, but seven were excused. WILLIAM BRUCE called on the doctor the day the summons came, and told him that he had been thinking of speaking to him for a week or more, he had suffered so from a pain in his back and legs. He wanted to go—he was for the Union, and no mistake; but could he? No one knew how much he had had to bear in the last few days; he hadn't even mentioned it to his wife; but it was so!

An abscess suddenly developed itself on JOHN BEALS's side. He had been afraid it would come to that a long while. It would not be possible for him to carry a musket for some time; but he should join his company, let it be where it might as soon as that confounded abscess would break.

Old ABNER SMITH was of a different pattern. He was obliged to remain behind, because one leg was shorter than the other. A long march would knock him up. He swore, "by George," that he thought a leg and a half was enough for the Southerners. "Why," said he, "darn 'em, wasn't there seventy marching out of Sumter with the honors of war, in the face of seven thousand and more; to say nothing of that ere WIGFALL, with his handkercher tied on his cane, and the Senator who fired a gun for fun? Hain't I the owner of a piece of ANDERSON's flag staff, which my son-in-law has just brought from New-York? I want to carry it back again."

The rest had reasons which proved available, for they are still here.

The day after the Company left, Mr. BASSETT planted the mainmast of the old "Excellent" on the hill by the dépôt, and run up the flag of the Union, the first that has waved over Mallett since LINCOLN's proclamation. A small cannon was dragged up the hill, and fired towards the South, and although the old gun kicked so that she turned clear to the west when she went off, she made a brave noise. I clapped my hands, and shut my eyes; but the thought of CHARLES made my heart rise to my mouth. Last night CHARLES's Uncle received a telegraphic dispatch from him. It was all over Mallett in an hour, and I could not help hearing it, and liking it:

"Baltimoreans on the tap: We are full of fight: Burst off all my coat buttons: God bless Mallett. CHARLES."

I have leisure now to reflect on how it came about, that CHARLES told me he loved me. I shall never forget what Fort Sumter has done for me. Before the attack on it by the rebels I was lukewarm; not towards CHARLES, for I always liked him, but towards the Cause. I was fond of the South, especially of Virginia. Governor WISE's aunt married my mother's cousin, and my oldest brother was named for him, HENRY WISE (we call him WISEY); besides, I have two intimate friends there, whom I met at boarding-school, in Northampton. I knew how the little niggers sprawled on every door-sill in Margaret Hall, and how the family petted them, dressing them up like monkeys, teaching them the Lord's Prayer, and even having them christened with the names of Mortimer, Cato, Cleopatra, and Aspasia. I had heard, too, of Aunt Charlotte, who had great dinners every day, which were mostly eaten by her negroes, who ruled her, and to whom she intended to give her plantation, when she found time to make her will. The feasting and hospitality of Virginia in the way of oysters, sweetmeats, and open doors, put to shame the rigid manners and measured meals of New-England. There was no thought of money in Virginia; it was not the constant study among people of moderate means there, to make the ends meet, as it is with us. I had also seen two or three F. F. V.'s; handsome, courtly gentlemen they appeared to be, though they had large flat feet. I *was* in love with one; I am proud enough to confess my folly now. FAIRFAX JAMES was his name. He was attentive to me for a whole summer; if he picked up my handkerchief once, he picked it up a hundred times, for I quite fell into the habit of dropping it. And he wrote me some splendid letters afterwards; he quoted PATRICK HENRY and GILMORE SIMMS, and the poet LEGREE, and the magnolia tree. I do not remember that he ever mentioned the palmetto, but I am sure he spoke of the water-oak. He jilted me for all that. He began his last letter with—"My beautiful, darling Northern primrose! would that I could be assured that I have the power of conferring happiness upon you!" I wrote him back, "You have," and have never heard from him since. I *hope* he is among the rebels. Another F. F. V. was a medical student, who came to Mallett for a month's fishing; but instead, he drove tandem. One day his leading horse made him angry; he whipped it so, that both horses ran away, upset the team, and pitched him out and killed him. His relations came after him, and brought their Hatchment, which was spread over his coffin. It seems that he only pretended that he wanted to study medicine, for the sake of coming North, where he thought life was fast, for his family was beyond the professions, only owning negroes for a living, or holding Federal offices, just to pass away the time. What became of the last one I knew, I never heard. He disgraced the aristocracy from which he sprang by writing a book of poems, and bringing it up to a Boston house to publish. Where the first edition is, he and the publisher alone know, but that he paid for it, I am sure. In spite of my experiences I clung to the South; the land of the mocking-bird and chivalrous sentiment, the land of the cypress, and long waving moss, and of mirth; and when the troubles began, after LINCOLN's election, I was less than a moderate. When on a visit in New York I proudly signed Mrs. EMMA WILLARD's Memorial, which was presented to Congress, in favor of the CRITTENDEN Compromise. The memorial was worded to the tone of the South and the North, and was a weak piece of oily conciliation. I did not exactly like its phrasing, that the wrath of Heaven was upon us both, and that we must propitiate an angry God with petitions for political measures, that were partizan in spirit, after all; it savored of the Greek times, when Bulls were offered to Jupiter; still I signed it, and oh, Mrs. EMMA WILLARD, what is *your* reward? I approved of the *Journal of Commerce*,

which in my commercial family is handed down from father to son, from employer to clerk. I *discussed* at evening parties the wrongs of the South. "What right have we to interfere with the family arrangements of the South?" I said. "JOHN BROWN'S blood has poisoned the air; 'OSSAWOTAMIE BROWN,' indeed!" I exclaimed to the poet who has written a noble lyric on the trooper. "BUCHANAN means well," I mouthed. And I came home self-satisfied to join the same sentiments in Mallett. CHARLES, whom I have known for a year, (he is a young lawyer who came here a twelvemonth since,) I found in a ferment, and presently we quarreled, not only on the questions at issue, but with each other. He said, as much by his behavior as by his words, that he thought me unfeminine and cruel, and I called him vituperative and coarse. We rather avoided each other after several interviews of this kind, but he wrote me a letter, beginning it with the rise and formation of the Republican Party, and ending with HORACE GREELEY'S last fulmination. I answered that I could not write him of the rise of the Democratic Party, because it had always existed, its element was vital in the People, and ended my letter with several quotations from Democratic fountain heads. I was so angry with him that I resolved to convince him of the correctness of my views in time. He did not write a second letter. However, I met him at a small party soon afterwards, which CARRIE SNOW gave for a cousin who was visiting her, and was about to leave. I expected to meet him, for I knew he liked to go to CARRIE'S, and I dressed with the utmost pains. I remembered that he preferred to all others a dress of black silk, so I wore mine with fifteen flounces; also a black lace head-dress. I think I looked like a Spanish girl. After I was ready, I determined to keep quiet in order to preserve the olive in my complexion; excitement would redden it. I wore grandmother's queer gold fringe ear-rings, and knots of velvet ribbon on my sleeves. He was there when I went into CARRIE'S parlor, and turned pale when he saw me; but he coughed hard immediately, which brought the color back to his face. He gave me a cool nod, which I returned with one highly imperturbable. Our first refreshment was "The Star Spangled Banner," which the girls sang rather out of tune.

"I am sick of that song," I observed to CARRIE.

"Why?" asked CHARLES? "one of the Chivs wrote it."

"It is all stuff," looking the person nearest me in the face, as if I didn't surmise that it was he, who had been speaking.

We staid in different rooms, both of us feeling that there was a tacit understanding to that effect. My olive complexion would not stand; my face was burning, and by the time the refreshments came round, I felt greatly in need of something cooling. I saw CHARLES seize a basket of cake from a side table with so much violence that several pieces fell out. He did not pick them up, but precipitately advanced towards me, with what remained.

"Will you take some?" he said fiercely.

"No, but I would like a glass of lemonade."

He carried back the basket, and returned with two glasses of the beverage I had desired him to bring, one of which he gave me, and sat down beside me with the other. The lemonade was so sour it made me shiver.

"Are you cold?" he asked, looking at me sharply. I could not bear his gaze, and I turned away.

"Oh no," I answered.

We did not speak for some time; I was forgetting that he was a Republican, when that detestable HOSEA HARLOW said at his elbow, "Have you seen the *Journal* to night? ANDERSON'S reinforcements must reach him, or we shall lose Sumter? The rebels will force him to surrender."

CHARLES sprang to his feet; I think he swore, but am not certain.

"The rebels, Mr. HARLOW," I said "what do you mean?"

"I forgot your proclivities, Miss LORING," he replied; "I beg your pardon."

"Beg her pardon?" said CHARLES, in an incensed voice; "for shame, HARLOW!"

He fixed such an expression of contempt upon me, that I was tempted to throw my lemonade glass at him. I leisurely turned it upside down instead. "The last drop is spilt," I said, and walked off, leaving one indignant, and the other astonished.

"CARRIE," I said, "I am going to slip away quietly; I have a bad head ache."

"You look so," she answered, "your face is flushed. But," looking at me admiringly, as blondes are apt to look at brunettes, "you are as handsome as a rose-bud."

"Ah yes, of course; do you notice the thorns anywhere?"

I drew on my shawl and hood, which were up in her room, and went down the back stairs, and out by the back door. It was dark and windy. I stumbled along, vowing that I would never go to any more nonsensical stupid parties, such as I had just left; it was a waste of time. I had better be at home reading or sewing. Turning about to wrap my shawl, which the wind blew apart, closer around me, I thought I saw a tall figure down the walk. I stopped, and the figure stopped; I went on backwards, and the figure came on forwards, but without advancing any nearer than when I saw it at first. Owing to my retrograde style of walking, I fell down at last, but the figure not coming to my assistance, I picked myself up, and proceeded in a less difficult manner, and lost sight of my follower, for I did not look back again. I had a sore throat the next day and could not go out. The evening after the papers came with an account of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. I was alone when I read the paper which contained the telegram. Every word transfixed me like an adder; a revulsion of feeling took place which amazed me. When it subsided, I discovered that I had an ardent, undying love for my country. "Where can I get a flag?" was one of my first thoughts; "I wish I could wear a dress, bonnet, shawl of flags, and a tiara of stars; the Southern stars I would put round the back of my head just now." Then my thoughts reverted to the thousand insults which the North had received from the South. From the Senator at the Capitol, down to cousin SAM HILL, who had one whisker and one side of his head shaved in Georgia, and who was bundled home because he presented to a young lady "The Autobiography of a Female Slave." She slapped his cheek with the cover and called him a vile, mercenary mud-sill, and begged him to go back to the filthy, brutal North, where he came from.

Feeling inclined to stay at home on Sunday I did not go to church; neither did I take my usual Sunday evening walk with CARRIE. Monday morning I determined to read "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," all day long, but I wearied over it so that I went to bed early, before father had finished the evening paper, which comes in the last Boston train.

"The flag of the Confederacy floats over Fort Sumter, does it?" I said, tying my night-cap with so much vigor that I pulled off its string. "If CHARLES does not go to fight to the death," I continued, pounding the pillow, "I'll"—I put out the light suddenly, for I did not need it to see how red my face was, and leaped into bed.

It must have been about midnight, when I was awakened by the noise of a locomotive which screamed along the track, and left an ominous stillness behind it. I did not sleep well after that, but had numerous dreams of Major ANDERSON, General DIX and Old ABE. When I got up I looked through the slats of the blind, to see what weather we were to have, and saw CHARLES passing by. He looked up at all the windows with such a wistful gaze; but his mouth contradicted the expression of his eyes; it was shut very tight. I made no sign, of course; what right had he to be looking up at my window?

"What was the train through by night for?" I asked at breakfast.

"Governor ANDREW'S requisition for troops," replied father, who is a nasty moderate.

"Good," I answered.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked Wisey, "she's coming round. Forty went up last night; there's twenty-five going from Mallett, Sis."

I thought I would go over to CARRIE'S house after all, it was so long since I had been there, to learn what she thought about affairs. I found her in the fidgets. She said but little, though, and did not mention CHARLES; neither did she say "come over soon," when I said that I must go. So I made an abrupt exit; but instead of going home I turned up the north road, and, as I was going by HOSEA HARLOW'S house, who should come out of the porch door backwards, shaking hands with Mrs. HARLOW and SUSAN, but CHARLES. I think SUSAN would not have seen me, if she could have helped it; but as I am tall, and the walk was narrow, she could not avoid saying "Good morning."

CHARLES turned hastily, and they went in, closing the door. His way was not my way evidently, for what could he want up the north road, where there was not another house for three miles? But up the north road he came. I heard his step behind me, and began to button my glove, then I tucked my hair inside my bonnet ruche with great care. He walked beside me, and waited till I had completed my toilette. Then he put his hand on my arm; there was a military glove upon it. I saw that his trousers had white straps down the seams.

"Oh CHARLES! what you bring me home a Secessionist?"

"Are you willing for me to go?" he asked, standing before me and stopping me. We were now beyond the range of the windows of Mrs. HARLOW'S house. He looked me steadfastly in the eyes with an unmistakeable expression.

"If you don't go, dear, and demolish those rebels"—I could go no further, but began to cry.

"You are the noblest girl that ever lived," and down he went on his knees; I know it hurt him, for his military trousers were

A MEMBER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DINING

At Delmonico's,

At Annapolis.

so tight. "If I come back will you marry me, minus an arm, or a leg perhaps?"

"Will you forgive me first, CHARLES, for being so stupid and apathetic?"

"Not a word of that, dear, dearest; let me kiss you, there's only a couple of cows near."

I was so happy, that I said "how do ye do," to the cows presently.

"We have just time for a walk together" he said; "we are going up to Boston this afternoon. Tomorrow we shall be on our way to Washington. Massachusetts will be on the ground first, I think; Governor ANDREW has had his eye out to the windward to some purpose."

We walked up the long road arm in arm. I never held so interesting a conversation in my life, as we held together. When we returned, we kissed each other in the same spot, where we kissed before, and bade each other farewell. CHARLES went into the village across the fields, and I returned home the way I came. Some how I pitied SUSAN HARLOW as I passed her house.

I met CARRIE at the Depot in the afternoon, and spent the night with her. We talked till two o'clock in the morning. Her mother thumped three times on the wall to stop us. I told her I was engaged to CHARLES. She pinched me, and said she had accepted HOSEA HARLOW before sunrise that morning.

"He is much handsomer than CHARLES," she added.

"He may be" I replied, "but he does not know half as much."

Since then I have been reading newspapers, when not walking up the north road, or making lint, and I expect to be till the war is over.

By a Citizen of Yonkers.

Will the artists sent to the wars by our illustrated papers Draw their rations?

Arms for S. C Privateers

Yard-arms.

Big Thing in Maine.

The morbid appetites of bovines have been alluded to in the Maine *Farmer*, which paper further says that JOHN WOOD, of Winthrop, has a couple of yearling heifers that are ravenous after cloth, and have already devoured a horse-blanket, part of a sheet, and sundry night-caps.

These singularly gifted young cattle, as we learn through a source which we flatter ourselves is entirely beyond the reach of the Maine *Farmer*, have not confined themselves to horse-blankets and night-caps. After devouring all the buffalo-robes, pilot overcoats, bed-quilts and double-breasted pea-jackets in Winthrop, they proceeded rapidly to the next town, where at last advices they held possession of a dry-goods store, and were festively banqueting on silks, laces, muslins, etc. Embroideries, however, appeared to be their weakness.

Mother Goose for Jeff Davis.

DAVIS is a traitor;
DAVIS is a thief:
DAVIS steals from "Uncle SAM;"
But soon he'll come to grief.
For "ABE" will send to DAVIS' house,
And if he hasn't fled,
One of the Zouave Butcher Boys
Will chop off DAVIS' head!

By a Citizen of Rahway.

The manufacturers of Mrs. WINSLOW's Soothing Syrup have made a fortune, as we see by the papers, but they made it Syruptitiously. We hope to hear from Rahway often, enclosing postage stamps.

The Air likely to be most popular in the "Confederate" Army.

"Ah Dinner forget!"

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13th.

NDERFUL ANITY :—You e not surpris- l by the date this letter, e you? Nothing that do, can sur- rise any well- egulated ind. . . My ways are scrutable. My fleet ar- ved at Clam- lle, on the ast of Indi- a, the day efore yester- ay, after a iet and agree- le passage. BIANCA was ittle sea-sick. On landing, formed my in a ho l w square, and arched to is city amid a perfect orrent of acclamation from the populace, wherever we passed.

It was a big thing.

I have f eed Italy. . .

I will o, with this country, anything that th Government desires.

Immedi ely upon my arrival, I offered my army nd navy forever to Pr sident LINCOLN.

"Who a e you?" said he, biting off the end of a enpenny nail that he he l in his mouth.

"I am M CARONE!" I said.

"No! ou don't say!"

"I do."

"I acce t your services, of course . . . only . . . o games, you know?!"

"Not a ame, Colonel!"

"Send y our men into camp at once, and telegra h your naval force to cor e up the Potomac. Now, let me tell you a little story: When I was a boy, out in Arkansas, my father used to send me after the ows, every night. There were two cows—A brindle cow, and a white cow. The brindle cow had a lame leg. . ."

"Cut it short, Colonel," said I.

". . . Ex ctly. Well, the brindle cow, being lame, took a long time to get home, and my father used to lick me for loitering on the oad. Now, MAC," said the President, slowly shutting one eye; "I h e always had to drive a lame cow, and bear the blame of loitering but you just lay low and keep dark, and I'll show you the biggest rip-staving old bear-fight you ever saw in your life!"

This LINC LN is no fool, after all.

I sent m men into camp, and, feeling wearied, etook myself to a faro-ba k for recreation.

The Capit l is Safe.

Ye terday I took a run down to Wheatlands, to call on my old crony BUCH NAN. I found him drinking Scotch whiskey, in token of his affect on for BENNETT.

"How are you, MAC?" said he; "take a snifter?"

"Don't c re if I do," I replied.

He poure out four fingers of mountain-dew, straight, which I absorbed.

"JIMMIE," said I, "you made an awful mull of your four years."

"Didn't I ?" said he.

"What di you do it for? It was very reprehensitive."

"Well, I had a squinting toward the South. . ."

In t uth, he does squint, terribly. It grows on him.

"A d I wanted to keep square with the North, and got kind of mulva hered between the two. Then your organ, VANITY FAIR, never st up on me. . ." his voice lowered almost to a whisper. . . "would you believe it? they caricatured me as a ass-butt, and a straddlebug, and a frog' and a jack-in-the box, and I don't know what all! That made me sort of doncey. . ."

"Spell it with a 'k,' JIMMIE," said I. . .

"And I got lo -spirited. I think I had the pip, or the heaves, or something, and became desperate."

"And so. . ."

"And so I didn't care whether school kept or not, and just let everything go to the dogs. Take another snifter."

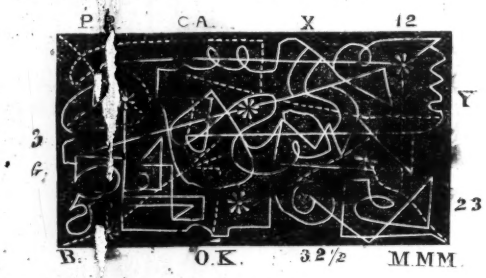
The public ave been a little hard on JIMMIE. He's a good deal more weak than wicked, and if he had only had me around him, to give him some ideas, things would have gone on a deal better.

How could the country be safe, when I was away?

It has taught me a severe lesson. If I wanted to be brilliant, splendid, happy, why did I leave my native land? Hilarity begins at home.

Send me some money.

Here is my plan for the campaign. Of course, you will see at a glance the beauty and simplicity of my movements. The dotted lines represent the *echelon*; the straight lines are the *route*, and the stars show the arrangement of my *point d appui*:



What could be finer than that chart?

When General SCOTT saw it, he offered me his hat, and said, with much emotion:

"Othello's occupation's gone!"

It lacerates my heart, to see old and patriotic soldiers falling into the rear ranks, to make room for me; but how can one help having genius?

I am a child of nature, simple and untutored, but I have that inborn power that is better than age, virtue, or gold. I knew it when I left my boyhood's home. My friends know that I was doing very well in Poughkeepsie, long ago, but had I staid there, would MCARONE ever have been the name it now is?

The Seventh regiment is safe in Washington. General BEAUREGARD is supposed to be in New Jersey, stealing horses. JEFF DAVIS has gone into the country. Look out for important news shortly, and believe no reports, save those of

MCARONE.

"Very Like a Whale."

One of the city journals, announcing the arrival of the *Great Eastern*, says

> Some of the members of the Board of Directors have accompanied the ship.

We are aware of but three modes of progression by which the gentlemen referred to could have "accompanied the ship"—in another ship, by flying, or by swimming. Now, as to the first of these, we have heard nothing about another ship: as to the second, we are not aware that the directors of the *Great Eastern* are Gulls; and as to the third, it would hardly be polite to assume that those gentlemen are members of the "Scaly Brood."

A Query for Ethnologists.

A Rampart Roundhead wishes to know if the Southerners are, as they pretend, the descendants of the Cavaliers?

We should say they were from their Cavalier manner of taking things!

Right to a T.

What will make a good regiment?
Good regimen.

Meteorological Aphorism.

When the clouds are Rent, and coming down with the Dust, look out for some Change.

PETS FOR THE CAMP.

The monotony of camp life is mollified by the French soldier with ingenuity greater even than that displayed by the Yankee who patented a machine for converting obsolete cider-corks into "apple-sass." Many of the Zouaves who fought so nobly in the Crimea, for example, managed to enjoy the society of distant members of their family by proxy. They brought with them from home, sundry representative animals, which they named, individually, after very respectable persons of both sexes who were so dear to them, the Zoo-zoos, at their respective homes. One of that extraordinary class of warriors delights in telling an anecdote of the sagacity of his brother JACQUOT, who, finding that his nose had got between the fangs of a murderous bull-dog belonging to a neighboring tent, and that he was unable to shake him off by fair means, had recourse to the following expedient: He plunged his persecutor up to the neck in the pot of boiling soup that whizzed in front of the tent to which the latter belonged; thereby not only compelling him to let go his grip, but, with a fine feeling of poetical retribution, converting him into immediate *bouilli* for his unconscious mess. This JACQUOT, brother to the Zoo-zoo, was a large black Newfoundland *dogue*.

We refrain from offering to the reader about two hundred and thirty equally interesting anecdotes in our possession, each of them tending to prove, not only the imaginative adaptability of the French soldier as regards family feelings, but his large resource in the item of animal food for the mind. Nor do we advocate the principle of selecting any of the lower animals as representatives of the loved ones far away: although, indeed, we are sluggish in comprehending why the term "lower animal" should be applied to the former, inasmuch as it is supposed to make its appearance in the world unsaddled with the burden of "original sin;" while, according to many great theorists, the human animal not only brings that sad incubus with him when he comes, but works perseveringly in completing it with all the modern improvements during his stay.

That question must be settled by our theological editor, who is out of town, snipe-shooting, just now, but shall have the matter submitted to him immediately upon his return. What we want to suggest is this: that as the Zouave is likely to become a feature upon the face of our country, it would be a good thing for him to follow his French prototype in other matters besides the obvious and essential ones of dress and drill. Let our soldiers go straight to the French for those light and cheerful pastimes by which alone the tented field can be brought into approximative association with the boyhood's home. We consider the mythical man who made two blades of grass wave where one formerly wilted, as quite an inferior person to the Frenchman who discovered that animal food for the mind is nourishing to the campaigning disposition. Next to dinner, what can be more refreshing to a mess just come in from a two hours drill, than the gambols of a *spirituel* monkey residing on the premises of the tent? These interesting animals may be had for a moderate figure, now that the street musicians are trotting with the GARIBALDI Lights. In the sportive boundings of a pair of glossy Kids, what bright memories of Broadway would recur to the gallant Seventh as they gazed!—of Broadway and of the indispensable *gants Jouvin* by which gradation is so nicely marked in its motley throng. Of dogs, the assortment should be various and complete. The great blood hound, gifted with a keen scent for enemies, is a sterling companion in the fray, and a pleasant fellow to look at by the camp-fire. Terriers, of all sorts and sizes, are favorite associates in soldier life. Those with a dash of the bull in them are appropriate, and there should always be a badger, named BEAUREGARD, on hand for them to bait. HARRY JENNINGS has, or had, a Mexican Pig, of excellent qualities for the same purpose, which he might be induced to present to his adopted country for a fair consideration, and which, under the name of JEFF, would afford prime afternoon entertainment with the dogs. Go in for animal spirits, then!—but be French in your selection and taste, forgetting not that, among the Pets of the Camp, the *vivandierè* must always be the first.

TO THE TOMB.

A coffin in a cart!
  Alone to Potter's Field it goes;
Another wounded, maddened heart
  Has burst the net of human woes.
Bear her onward, faster;
  Let the dust her follies hide—
Daughter of disaster,
  Wretched suicide!

A carriage dashes by,
  With furious speed, and clattering din;
Behold the man of haughty eye
  Who lolls so sumptuously within.
Here, the careless slayer,
  There the wreck his will hath made;
Here, the proud betrayer,
  There, the poor betrayed.

Riches were his, and power;
  Her only wealth an honest name;
'Twas meet that he should crush the flower
  And give a soul to death and shame.
One who might have lighted
  Paths where angels love to dwell,
Bewildered and benighted,
  Fell—forever fell.

It is an oft-told tale,
  The world were all too good to hear:
Let humble error sink and quail,
  But high born sin hath naught to fear.
Ye, whose mask of honor,
  Glitters in the sight of men,
Heap your scorn upon her—
  Spurn the Magdalen!

They meet no more on earth—
  The careless slayer and the slain;
He wanders through the halls of mirth
And takes no thought of other's pain:
  What will be the meeting
In the realms beyond the tomb?
  What will be the greeting
On the day of doom?

[By one of the First Families of South Reading.

* "Woe to the Northern Battalion," writes JOHN FORSYTH of Mobile, but when he sees the Battalion coming we guess he'll cry "Whoa."

By Van Amburgh.

Did Mr. LINCOLN let his whiskers grow for the purpose of Beard-ing the Secession Lion in his den?

THE BOLD PRIVATEER OF THE C. S. A.

Captain of the Gay Seceder.—"BLOW MY TAR-RIE EYES, JACK! EF IT A'N'T THE GREAT EASTERN. YERE'S RICHNESS AND LOTS O' PRIZE MONEY—RUN OUT YER CARRONADE AND BRING HER UP 'ITH A ROUND TURN."

A House built upon Sand.

Judging from the immense amount of sand that is daily bagged for the defence of the South, it would appear that the rebels are building their hopes of success upon the shifting material in question. The ladies of Montgomery bolstered up five thousand sand-bags for Pensacola in a few hours, and yet there is a demand for more from the same quarter. Now we would not for the world say an ungallant thing of the ladies of Montgomery; but we cannot refrain from reminding them that, if they choose thus to make Sand-Witches of themselves, they may expect to be devoured by our troops when the Sand-bag city comes to be Sacked.

How we will take them.

A Sunday paper speaks of a tri-colored "kettle-holder" made by a patriotic woman of New-York. What woman among us is not patriotic now? We will wrap the flag of our fathers around the "Pan Handle" of Virginia, and upset the entire dish of Old Dominion Secession.

Not down in the Books.

The Rebels made themselves very merry over the supposed treachery of our Lieutenant General. In their ignorance of military matters, we beg to assure them that Treason is not treated of, or with, in SCOTT's tactics.

Tit for Tat.

The South threatens the North with her Beauregard.

New York will meet her with her Bowery Guard.

The Only Motto of Ellsworth's Zouaves

Fire!

A SKE'CH OF THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

SCENE.—*The Lobby.*

Enter KEITT, *tight. To him* RHETT, *wet.*

KEITT.—Say, ole coon! hear z' news?—ain't I fuss-rate fellert' pick-up-news? Whoo?

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Whoo! ain't I fuss-rate feller-t' pick up—

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Whoo! wadyergive a feller t' tellyer z' news?—couple o' drinks?

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Well! here goes tell yer z' news. ABELINKINSDRINKIN'!

RHETT.—Zatso?

KEITT.—Whoo! Northernfellers always drinkin', ain't got no bizness but drink'n', ABELINKINSDRINKIN', BILLSEWARDSDRINKIN', dambillseward!

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Whoo! where's them drinks? ABELINKINSDRINKIN', everybozdrinkin, everybozatwashington's drunk 's a sow, and we

RHETT.—Zatso

KEITT.—Damz tso!—Zatso's blasted Northern 'xpression!

RHETT.—Zatso

[*Exeunt ambo, reeling.*]

The Locks of War.

Our gallant volunteers are like SAMPSON—much of their strength lies in their locks. They have Locks from their sweethearts on leaving for the field; have Locks on their muskets, and Havelocks on their caps; and they will bring the rebels to a dead Lock as soon as ever they get a chance.

Ohio's War Cry.

WADE in.

POCKET AND PRINCIPLE.

Enshrine this maxim in your heart,
Within your safe chest lock it—
That Principle is but a Part,
The whole is in the Pocket.

For even bluff JOHN BULL doth sing
That principle is rotten,
Compared with that superior thing
South Carolina cotton.

Says he, (the London *Herald* there
JOHN's sentiments abetted),
"*If cotton we can't have by fair*
Means, we'll use foul to get it."

Such naughty words from JOHN BULL do
Afflict my mind and shock it—
His Principles are falling through
The Hole that's in his pocket.

A Word to Western Virginia.

Stand fast, Men of Western Virginia! you have the post of honor now. Be true to your Country in the hour of her trial, and God will be true to you. But no division of your State. Throw the whole weight of your influence upon your distracted councils; bring back the erring, and sustain the true men in the whole State. By asking the Government to recognize a division, now you ask it virtually to recognize Secession. Keep the Old State in all its integrity, and redeem it from the grasp of the demagogues who would rule or ruin now. The greater honor for you to bring her back to her allegiance, and you *can* do it, only be firm and all will yet be well. The freemen of the North are with you, and half a million of bayonets when needed, will bristle at your call, if such must be the dread alternative. But no division now. The whole State for the Union and nothing less! should be your battle cry.

THE TWO ROGUES.

MACAIRE (JEFF DAVIS.)—COME ON, COMRADE, PUT YOUR BEST LEG FOREMOST. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? WE'RE OUT OF DANGER NOW.

JACQUES STROP (LETCHER.)—THE SOONER THE BETTER. OH, I WISH I HAD HALF YOUR IMPUDENCE! YOU ARE AFRAID OF NOTHING; YOU SWAGGER AND BOUNCE, AND HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, AS IF YOU WERE THE MOST HONEST AND UPRIGHT MAN IN THE WORLD.